Goth M.O.M.M.I.E.S R

Shree was aboard the bus to the run-down church of Saint Nicholas. He was not interested in that a bit. He was forced to come because Sharma and other homies were coming. The church was now turned into some sort of factory, teachers told about.

When they arrived at the location, the building looked nothing like a factory. It was a tall building with an ominous atmosphere.

"Oh! It is a goth styled church." Lodha suddenly started speaking. "These architecture style includes pointed arches, ribbed vaults, flying buttresses, large stained glasses and ornate decorations like gargoyles, spires and stone carvings."

'What are buttresses?' Krishnani asked. 'And how the hell do you know that.'

"I don't know about buttresses, maybe statues of flying women. And this was the study material in my JEE B. Arch."

'You call that goth? Goth my ass. Goth means Goth mommies.' Shree spoke for the first time since coming there.

"Well since this is a Goth church there is a high possibility that it is run by goth mommies and nuns." Lodha replied.

'That's what I'd like to hear. Let 's go.' Shree gave Lodha a bro-code handshake.

"What if they are black?" Sharma. Man! This man opens his mouth only to litter.

'Shut the fuck up Sharma. Don't kill the mood.' Shree roared.

Speak of the devil. The workers instead of being white dressed in black were black dressed in white. Curse you, Sharma.

All had their newfound hatred directed towards Sharma, the only thing left was too grab his neck and snap it.

They roamed around the factory. Everyone was low in spirits after the disappointment. They were surrounded by malnourished Africans dressed in white frocks.

Only Tanmay was lustful enough to smash them in his daydreams.

Rest of the visit was not even worth describing. It was a waste of time. The factory people had nerve to call themselves goth. Praket barely kept Shree's mouth shut. Or there would have been a row with the owner and then our Principal.

Picnic over, bye-bye. Everyone reached their homes. Shree started scrolling Instagram the moment he entered. He needed to see real goth mommies to resuscitate him.

'Yes, yes goth girls. The real ones.'

Suddenly there was a knock on the door. 'Who wants to suck my dick now?'

Shree got up and opened the door. It was a middle-aged guy with a kid.

'Who are you? What do you want?'

"We want the key back, you nigga." The man said, almost restraining himself from shouting.

'What key? I don't know what are you talking about. Leave.'

Shree tried to shut the door but the man held it open.

"What's the hurry nigga?"

"Go, take the keys from him." The man said to the kid.

The kid started hanging over Shree, checking his clothes. Shree flailed backwards and got rid of the kid.

'He can get serious damage.'

"Try him." The man replied.

It was just a kid so Shree knew what he would play.

He slapped the kid with all his arm strength. He thought it would be one hit knock but the kid didn't even budge.

This was truly surprising and terrifying. How can a kid taking a slap and still standing.

"You see, he isn't like normal kids. He is genetically engineered human weapon. Arthur enter brawl mode."

With that the kid went frenzy. He started throwing punches at full speeds. Shree was dodging his and throwing his own punches. This got turned into a dog fight. Both sides yeeting throws to no avail.

Shree started backing off. He threw a very powerful punch which made the kid go on defensive and stumble.

"To think you would be able to fight and hold your own ground against him. Arthur finish him, I will start the preparations."

Somewhere else at the same time…

'Hey, kid do you know this boy named Shree?'

Lodha turned and saw a woman, sitting in a matte black van. There was skull tattoo on the van with satanic etchings. The woman herself as white as milk was dressed in all black. Her black hair ruffling from the wind. Her pure silver rosary jingling above her huge bouncing cleavage. Her lips painted black; ears pierced, eyes heavily

outlined by mascara and eye liner. Her black stockings constructing her own thick thighs. Her arms tattooed with black ink.

Yup, Yuvraj was seeing a real 10/10 goth mommy. He nodded yes and fainted from her brilliance.

Back to Shree's home…

Shree ran to the first floor. Playing hide and seek. First, he needed to get rid of these guys. Second, whatever his mood tells him to do. He made a plan. The kid was getting restless. He went near the balcony and faked a jump. The kid rushed to the ground floor to finish him. But did not saw Shree anywhere. When Shree locked in on the kid. He drop kicked the kid from the first floor. Normally an overkill but necessary in this situation.

The kid flew to his uncle's legs who had just returned. A chip fell from the kid's pocket.

"Oh, the key was in our position this whole time. Sorry kiddo, no hard feelings."

'You motherfuckers had the key from the beginning and were bugging me for it!!' Shree shouted. He thrashed around a bit, controlling himself from causing more violence.

"We can tell you our plan for compensation."

'I'd pass.'

A wolf walked up to that man and sat quietly. Shree noticed the wolf. 'What is that? Another genetically mutated animal?'

"Yes, this will be our General in the war against the Goths."

'Wait a minute, hold up. Did you say Goths?'

"Yeah we will end goth cult-

Shree punched the man straight into the face. His tooth broke, guess he wasn't genetically engineered.

The wolf and kid went into fight mode. Shree managed to get the fight to the streets.

'A mutt and a kid. Ez'

"Hey, SHREE! I got reinforcements." Lodha shouted from a far.

But he was coming alone. Anyway 2 is better than 1.

'You take care of the kid.'

"What? Ok."

The kid went running and punched Lodha into his eye. Shree thought it was dumb of him to leave this Lodha. But he knew his friend would clutch. He always did when the situation demanded. Time to end the mutt's howls.

The wolf bared his fangs at Shree. It pounced at him and bit the Shree's hand. Shree punched the wolf's head. It made him let go of Shree's hand. Now he was bleeding.

The wolf lunged, a blur of fur and fangs. Shree ducked, his breath sharp, fists clenched. A claw grazed his shoulder, tearing fabric and skin. He stumbled but spun, slamming his elbow into the wolf's ribs. A snarl, a leap—Shree caught its throat mid-air, muscles straining. They crashed to the ground, dirt flying. The wolf thrashed, but Shree held firm, a primal roar escaping him. In the end, survival was his only weapon.

Shree gasped for breath, muscles burning as the wolf bucked wildly beneath him. Its teeth snapped inches from his face, hot breath stinging his skin. He gritted his teeth, driving his knee into the beast's flank, forcing it down.

The wolf twisted, claw raking his side. Pain flared, but he refused to let go. With a final surge of strength, he slammed its head into the dirt.

After the wolf stopped moving, Shree let go of the immobile beast.

He got and dusted his T-shirt. A growl, he turned only to see the wolf clawing his face.

As Shree was driven into corner, the man returned. The wolf went to his master. Shree stood up, preparing for another attack.

The man implanted the chip from before into the wolf's head. To Shree's surprise, that made the wolf to grow to 7 feet.

Now his opponent was a 7 feet tall wolf.

"Give up. You can't win against him."

'Nah, I'd win.' With this round 2 started between the two.

The mutated wolf roared, shaking the ground. Its glowing eyes locked onto Shree; intelligence sharpened by the scientist's twisted experiment. This wasn't just a creature anymore—it was a weapon.

Shree had no time to think. The beast lunged, its massive paw swinging like a wrecking ball. He dodged, barely, feeling the air split beside him. He needed a plan, something fast, something brutal.

Shree clenched his fists. No steel, no blades—just instinct. He had to rely on what he had: speed, strategy, and sheer will.

The wolf lunged, faster than before. Shree twisted, barely escaping the swipe, but the impact sent shockwaves through the ground. He stumbled, then sprang upward, using the momentum to slam his elbow into the beast's snout. The wolf staggered, growling, but it wasn't enough.

It charged again, Shree ducked low, rolling beneath its massive frame. He reached up, gripping the thick fur at its neck, using its own motion against it. The wolf bucked violently, sending him flying, but he twisted mid-air, landing in a crouch.

They circled, muscles burning, breath heavy. This was no longer a simple fight. It was survival at its rawest. And neither was backing down.

The wolf charged again. Shree slipped low, sliding below it. As the wolf landed and turned towards Shree. Shree packed a punch right at the place, the man had the chip implanted.

The wolf stopped in mid-air and fell with a loud thud. Shree had won.

Yuvraj too had beat the kid. But Shree didn't bother to ask. He better not ask him. He knows all of Lodha's dirty tricks.

His shoulder seem broken and eye swollen purple. "Never thought that I would have broken my shoulder again after the clock tower event. Anyway, reinforcements will be here any second now."

'Whom did you call? All the boys?'

"Nope, even better."

Shree thought, 'His habit of creating suspense will cost him gravely one day.'

The man laughed. "You have amused me quite well. Now see my brilliant army against those evil goth maniacs. Behold, African Catholics girls dressed in all white robots."

Behind him came about a hundred nigga girls in white frocks.

"Oh! So, this was your little plan to exterminate us."

Shree and Lodha turned to see their reinforcements. About seventy goth girls and mommies, ready with steel chains and knuckles.

'Let's go.' Shree exclaimed.

The war continued for thirty minutes straight. Ok, I agree, it was not a war but a one-sided massacre. The ravens took down doves in the aerial battle. The tall goth girls had complete edge over the short-malnourished niggas. All the nigga girls were completely annihilated. Yuvraj was again on the brink of fainting. A mommy walked up to him to get him to safety. But before she could grab him, he collapsed, his face straight into her tits.

"He lacks determination and dedication for goth culture, doesn't he?" A goth mommy said to Shree.

Shree turned and froze. A 6 feet 3 inch tall, bodybuilder, busty goth mommy with wolf haircut, massive raven and skull tattoos was speaking to him. She was white as the moon itself. Black etchings covered her lower lips and necks. Blood stains all over face couldn't hide her cuteness. Her abs gave way to the thick thighs and plum ass. She had many piercings done on her body. She was a Goddess tier, 10/10, level 10 gyatt goth mommy.

"We now own you two a favour. Your friend probably won't like the piercings on Valora's nipples, if he scores. But you can tell me what you want. I can see you are a man of culture. You are fully dedicated to our culture and even worship us. Just say the word." She said.

Shree whispered something into her ear and then said loudly, 'Throughout the heavens and the Earth, I, alone am the honoured one.' After saying that he let himself rest, getting his face sandwiched between the thick thighs of the goth mommy. He truly became the honoured one.